

The Little Brown Elf



by Mary Evelyn Keir

The Little Brown Elf

by
Mary Evelyn Weir

illustrated by Mireille Zupa

PARENTS' THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH GROUP
Ojai, California

- 1975 -



The Magic Dream:
Chapter 5



1 The Game Begins

The Little Brown Elf little dreamed of the many adventures that awaited him as he skipped happily up the wood-path that morning to call on his friend, the Great White Owl. As he went he carried carefully a large acorn cup for gathering his breakfast dew.

The Little Brown Elf was in a hurry to see the owl, for yesterday his friend had given him a new idea. "Your brain knows everything you do," the owl friend had said. This had made the little elf very curious and now he wanted to know more.

Rounding the bend in the wood-path, the elf saw the Great White Owl waiting on a low branch of a maple tree. The elf hurried faster and, as soon as he was underneath his

friend, he said, "I hope you will tell me more today."

"What do you mean by MORE?" The white owl looked surprised.

"Oh, more about my brain."

"Let's see," the owl pondered. "Perhaps this will do. YOUR BRAIN GUIDES YOUR SENSES."

The little elf repeated slowly, "Your brain guides your senses." Then he opened his mouth to ask, "What are my senses?" - but he was too late. He saw that the Great White Owl was flying to his home among the highest branches of the tallest maple tree. It was his bed time.

"Well," declared the elf, "I shall have to find out for myself. But now I'd better get some dew for breakfast."

He hurried along to where the wild roses grew, for the wild rose petals always held their dew for him. Soon his acorn cup was filled to the brim with rose dew and the little elf went back along the path to his home.

The elf's home was a cozy one under the largest root of a tall beech tree at the edge of the woods. When he went inside, he found the five little elves who lived with him patiently waiting at the breakfast table. These elves were five brothers who always stayed together. Their names were Blinky, Nosey, Tasty, Listen and Touchy.

The Little Brown Elf wanted to share his news with the other elves. But when he tried to tell it, all he could think to say was, "The Great White Owl gave me some news early this morning, and now I have forgotten it."

There was nothing for the five little brothers to say but, "That's too bad. Perhaps another dish of dew will help."

The elf's second dish of dew was of no more help than the first one. Since his double breakfast did nothing to solve his problem, he decided to get his share of the housework done.

Glancing through the bedroom door, he saw that all of the little beds were neatly made. The five wee beds of the other elves were standing in a row, each with a different colored blanket folded at the foot of the bed. His own bed, facing the others, was made with a lavender blanket at the foot.

The Little Brown Elf took the little broom from the closet and the little house under the root was swept clean in no time at all. Putting the broom away, the little elf climbed to the roof of his house. And there, just as he had hoped, sat Catchum, the brown frog, sunning himself.

"Hi, Catchum!" called the elf. "I have news for you."

"What news?" asked Catchum and he made himself more comfortable in the sunshine.

"The Great White Owl gave me some news this morning - but now I have forgotten it!"

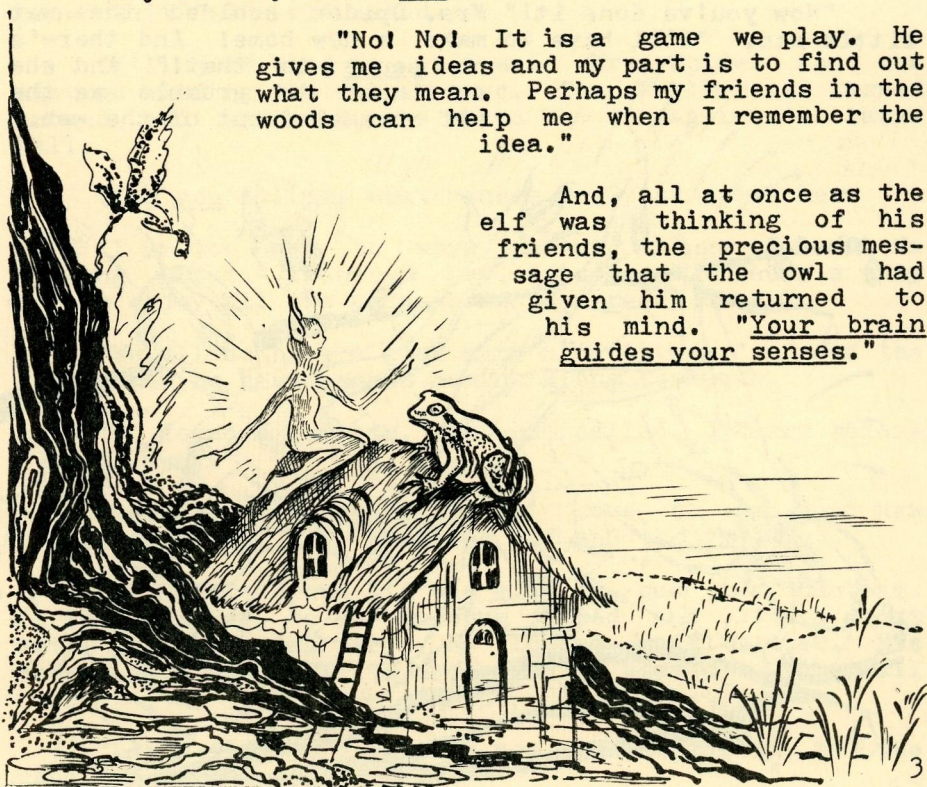
"That's not news! That's TROUBLE!" announced Catchum.

"I suppose you are right. The next time I see the Great White Owl, he will ask me what I have figured out about the idea he gave me."

"Why don't you ask him all about it?"

"No! No! It is a game we play. He gives me ideas and my part is to find out what they mean. Perhaps my friends in the woods can help me when I remember the idea."

And, all at once as the elf was thinking of his friends, the precious message that the owl had given him returned to his mind. "Your brain guides your senses."



"Come on, Catchum! Let's find our friends!"

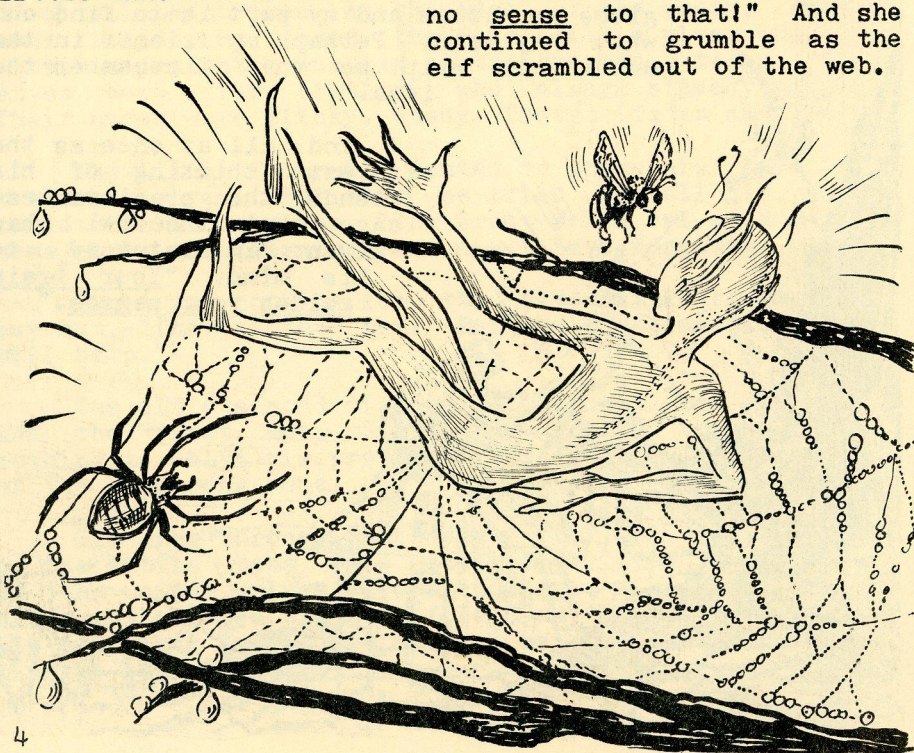
The Little Brown Elf ran down the ladder. Catchum slid off the roof with a thud. They both hurried up the wood-path in search of the woodland friends.

Well, the first friend they met was Miss Bumblebee and it turned out that she was too friendly! The elf called to her as she flew into view, "Can you tell me what senses are?"

"Dear, no!" Miss Bumblebee exclaimed as she flew to the elf to bring her nearsighted eyes close to his face. "There is only one scent for each flower. Why bother about more?"

But the elf did not get a chance to answer her for she had buzzed too close to him for comfort and he backed up and lost his balance. Kerplunk! he sat down hard into Mrs. Spider's dew-beaded web! And as if that weren't bad enough, all the drops of dew ran down toward him! Here were the little elf's breakfast, dinner and supper coming all at once, and he was getting wetter by the minute.

"Now you've done it!" Mrs. Spider scolded the wet little man. "I'll have to make a new home! And there's no sense to that!" And she continued to grumble as the elf scrambled out of the web.



"I must hurry - I'm late!" buzzed Miss Bumblebee as she made a beeline for a large purple clover.

"You're so wet!" cried Catchum as he looked at the little elf. "I'll find a sunbeam to dry you." And away he hopped.

"I'm sorry I've spoiled your home," the little elf said to Mrs. Spider. "I wish I could help you make a new one."

But by now Mrs. Spider was her cheerful self again. "No, thank you; I will now make a bigger and better one. My old one had been patched so often, it sort of cramped my style. So I needed a new one anyway."

"It will take you all day, though, to make a new home." The little elf was still feeling sorry.

"I usually work toward night," replied Mrs. Spider cheerily. "And now that I have a large plan in my head, I can hardly wait to begin."

"What will I do with all this wet sticky web on my brown suit?" the elf asked.

"I'll just wind it up," said Mrs. Spider and she started winding the web at once. The little elf turned around and around as she wound the thread into a large ball.

"Can you tell me what senses are?" he asked her.

"I am too busy to worry about things I can do nothing about," answered Mrs. Spider. "It seems a pity not to enjoy all the nice things I already have."

"We all do have a good many nice things," agreed the elf. Then he saw Catchum coming along the path.

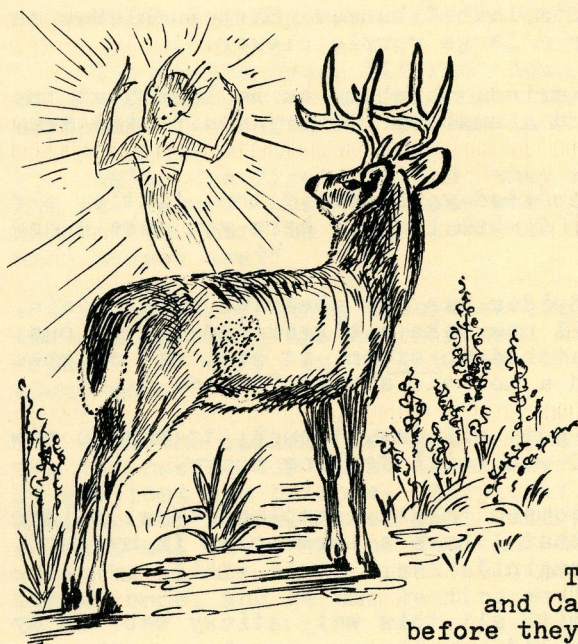
"I found a sunbeam," Catchum called. "Hurry before it gets away!"

"Good-by, Mrs. Spider. I'll come to see your new home soon." And away went the elf and the frog.

The Little Brown Elf was glad to see the sunbeam. In its warm ray, he and Catchum jumped and hopped about until the elf was dry. He looked much better. His brown suit had lost its droop and he seemed to shine all over.

"Let's find more friends now," he suggested to the frog.

The Magic Ring



The Little Brown Elf and Catchum had not gone far before they met Mr. Deer. "Could you tell me what senses are?" asked the little elf before Mr. Deer could speak.

"No, I can't tell you," the handsome buck answered. "All I can say is that during hunting season everyone has a scent. The hunter has one and we have one. We deer try to keep them apart."

"I don't think that was what the Great White Owl meant," replied the elf. "The owl said to me, 'Your brain guides your senses.'"

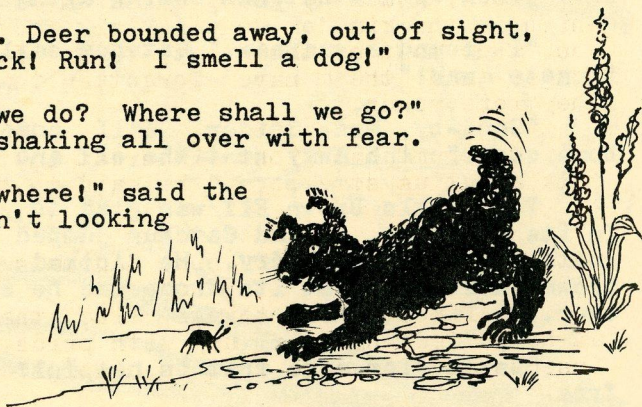
"I wish someone had sense enough to tell us what we want to know," announced Catchum.

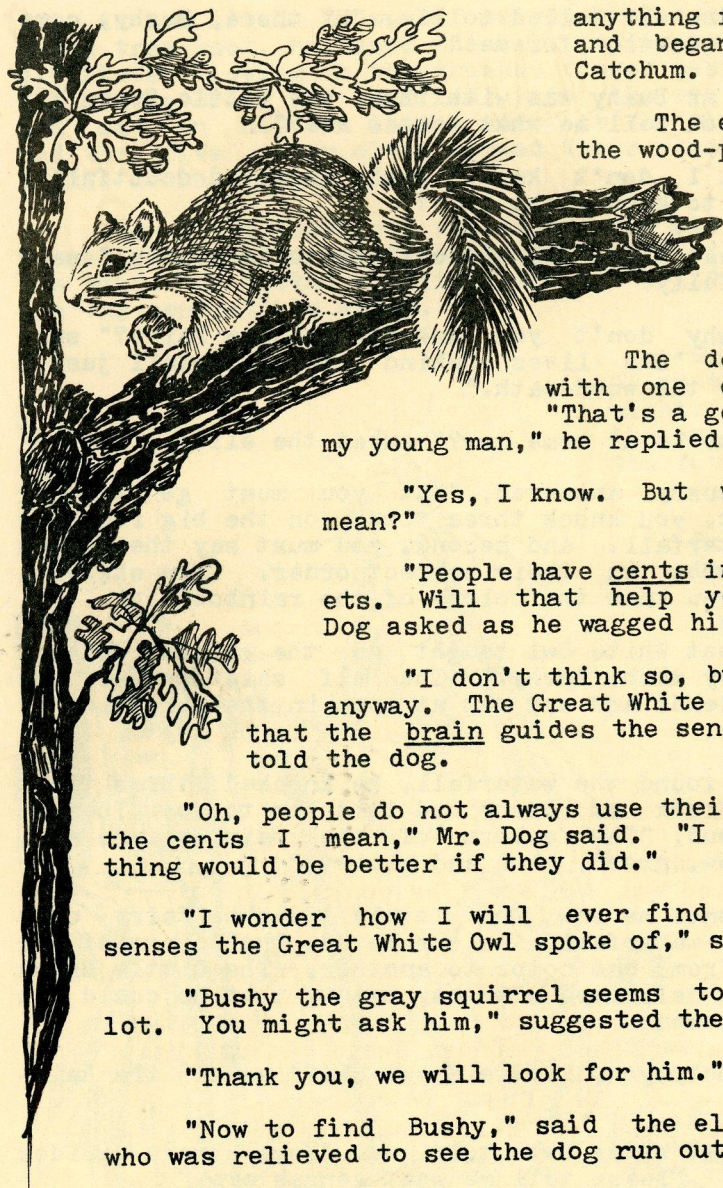
Just then Mr. Deer bounded away, out of sight, as he cried, "Quick! Run! I smell a dog!"

"What shall we do? Where shall we go?" croaked Catchum, shaking all over with fear.

"Nothing! Nowhere!" said the elf. "The dog isn't looking for us."

But when Mr. Dog appeared, he was looking for





anything for amusement and began barking at Catchum.

The elf stood on the wood-path in front of Mr. Dog and asked, "Can you tell me what senses are?"

The dog sat down with one ear cocked. "That's a good question, my young man," he replied.

"Yes, I know. But what does it mean?"

"People have cents in their pockets. Will that help you out?" Mr. Dog asked as he wagged his tail.

"I don't think so, but thank you anyway. The Great White Owl told me that the brain guides the senses," the elf told the dog.

"Oh, people do not always use their brains with the cents I mean," Mr. Dog said. "I expect everything would be better if they did."

"I wonder how I will ever find out about the senses the Great White Owl spoke of," said the elf.

"Bushy the gray squirrel seems to get about a lot. You might ask him," suggested the dog.

"Thank you, we will look for him."

"Now to find Bushy," said the elf to Catchum, who was relieved to see the dog run out of sight.

"Perhaps he will be at our meeting place," the frog suggested.

"Let's go see." And once again, the elf and Catchum started up the wood-path.

Before they ever reached the meeting place, they spied Bushy scampering through the trees. Pleased to see

his friend, the elf called to him, "Hi there, Bushy, come and answer a question for me!"

As soon as Bushy was with them, the Little Brown Elf asked, "Can you tell me what senses are?"

"No-o-o, I don't know," Bushy answered doubtfully. "Do you need to know right away?"

"The Great White Owl expects him to know soon," said Catchum helpfully.

"Then why don't you ask the Rainbow Fairy?" suggested Bushy. "She lives behind the waterfall just a little way up the wood-path."

"Will she be at home now?" asked the elf.

"Yes," Bushy answered, "but you must go to her alone. First, you knock three times on the big rock beside the waterfall. And second, you must say the colors of the rainbow in their correct order. Then she will appear. Do you know the colors of the rainbow?"

"The Great White Owl taught me the rainbow colors. Thank you very much, Bushy." The elf said good-by to both his friends and set out at once in the direction of the waterfall.

When he found the waterfall, he knocked three times on the big rock as Bushy had told him to do. Then he said out loud, "The colors of the rainbow are red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet."

All at once he saw the lovely Rainbow Fairy come through the waterfall. As she moved, the colors of her gown shaded from one color to another. The Little Brown Elf was so delighted with her beauty that he could not speak for a moment.

"May I help you, Little Brown Elf?" asked the Rainbow Fairy.

"The Great White Owl told me, 'Your brain guides your senses.' Please tell me what senses are."

"We remember best when we discover things for ourselves," said the Fairy. "Here is a Magic Ring. When the blue stone is turned inside your hand, ask a question. You will receive a true answer. When you go home, ask each of the five elves your question."

"Thank you! Thank you!" exclaimed the elf as he hurried away toward home with his treasure.

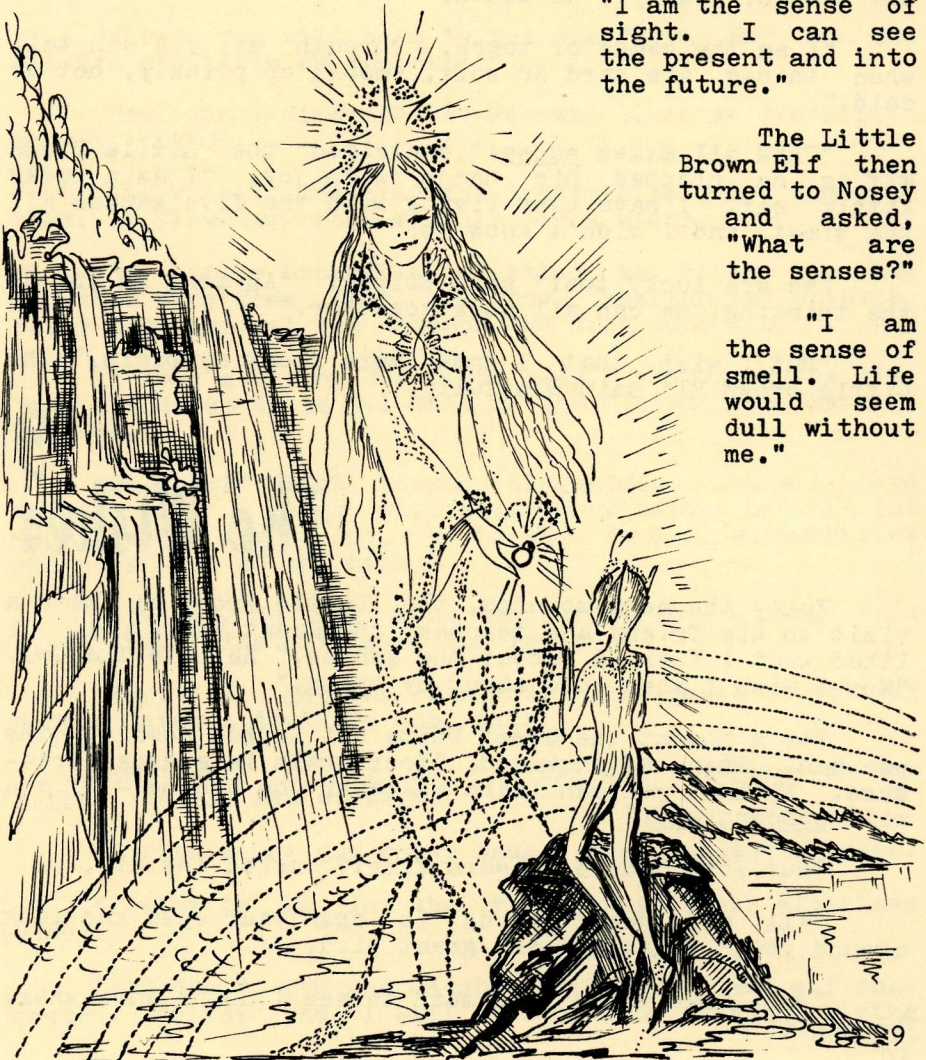
As the Little Brown Elf neared his home under the beech tree root, he heard the call to supper. It was the elf Listen blowing on the trumpet flower beside the door. The Little Brown Elf hurried into the wee little house and sat on his own little stool at the tiny table. He and the five other elves sipped their rose dew from the little acorn cups.

When every acorn cup was empty, the Little Brown Elf turned the blue stone of the Magic Ring to the inside of his hand. He looked at Blinky who sat beside him. "What are the senses?" he asked.

Blinky replied,
"I am the sense of
sight. I can see
the present and into
the future."

The Little
Brown Elf then
turned to Nosey
and asked,
"What are
the senses?"

"I am
the sense of
smell. Life
would seem
dull without
me."



The Little Brown Elf next asked Tasty, "What are the senses?"

"I am the sense of taste. Eating would be no fun without me."

"What are the senses?" Now the little elf looked at Listen.

"I am the sense of hearing. With my help you hear music and the voices of your friends."

Last, the little elf turned to Touchy. "What are the senses, Touchy?" he asked.

"I am the sense of touch. Through me you can tell when things are hard or soft, smooth or prickly, hot or cold."

"This all makes sense!" exclaimed the Little Brown Elf as he clapped his hands with joy. "I am a lucky little elf. I have been living with the five senses all the time! And I didn't know it!"

"We are lucky too!" said Blinky. "As long as you do the thinking, we can all work together."

"But I wish that I knew more about my brain," the Little Brown Elf said wistfully.

3 The Wishes

Early the next morning, the Little Brown Elf paid a visit to his friend and teacher, the Great White Owl. "I liked what I learned about the senses," he told the Owl. "Now I wish I knew more about my brain."

For a moment the Great White Owl looked down at the wee man. Then he answered, "Your brain is a great treasure. With it you can learn whatever you choose - if you will concentrate."

"But what should I learn first?" asked the elf.

"All you need to do is open your eyes and look around you," suggested the great bird.

"But when there's so much to see I don't know where to begin!"

"Why don't you start at the bottom of things? The mineral kingdom makes a good beginning."

"Where is the mineral kingdom?"

"Right under your feet," answered the owl.

The Little Brown Elf looked under his feet. There was nothing on the wood-path but dirt and stones.

"If you had the Magic Glasses you could see the world as it really is," said the Great White Owl.

"Where can I find the Magic Glasses?"

"First you will need to get the Flying Rug from the Old Man who lives on the hill."

"How can I find the Old Man who lives on the hill?" the elf asked.

"Ask Flick," answered the Great White Owl. And with that, he flew away home for his day's sleep.

The Little Brown Elf whistled to Flick and the handsome bird flew down at once. Hearing the whistle, Bushy the squirrel and Catchum the frog came too.

"I need a Flying Rug right away," announced the elf, "and the Great White Owl told me the Old Man on the hill has one."

"Oh, him!" Flick looked disgusted. "You will have to take him a large wild strawberry before he will let you take the Flying Rug. He is very fond of strawberries and none grow on the hill."

"Catchum, do you know where there is a large wild strawberry?" the elf asked the frog.

"Yes, I'll get one for you. Wait here." And away hopped Catchum down the wood-path.

"How will I get to the Old Man who lives on the hill?" the elf man wondered.

"I will carry you on my back," answered the flicker.

"I want to go on the Flying Rug too!" exclaimed Bushy.

"Why don't you and Catchum wait here?" the elf suggested. "Flick and I will be back soon with the Flying

Rug."

"All right, we'll wait," said Bushy, but he looked disappointed.

"Here comes Catchum with a big juicy berry," announced Flick. "That should please the Old Man."

"Thank you, Catchum," said the elf. "Flick and I will be right back."

"I want to go now," begged Catchum. "I would like to see the Old Man who lives on the hill."

"I've heard that he eats frogs' legs," Flick told him. "You had better wait here for us."

"Oh!" sighed Catchum. "But don't be long."

The Little Brown Elf climbed onto Flick's back, holding the large strawberry by its stem. As they flew, the little elf man could see the woods, streams and meadows far below them. Finally they came to the hill. The Old Man was sitting in a rocking chair on the lawn.

As they came close, Flick warned, "Show the Old Man who lives on the hill your strawberry as soon as he can see us - or else he may shoot at us."

Shading his eyes with his hand, the Old Man was gazing into the sky in their direction; so the elf held the large juicy strawberry as high as he could. As soon as the bird landed on the lawn, the Little Brown Elf slid off his back. He stood before the Old Man and offered the berry.

The elf watched as the Old Man grabbed the big strawberry and stuffed it all into his mouth at once.

When the Old Man could speak, he said, "I suppose you want the Flying Rug! Everybody does!"

"Yes, we need the Flying Rug badly," answered the Little Brown Elf.

"Why do you want it?" asked the Old Man.

"I want to get the Magic Glasses."

"Well, in that case, I will have to have another large strawberry before I can tell you where to find them," stated the Old Man with a grin.

"May we take the Flying Rug to get it?" asked Flick.

"Yes, I'll get it for you," the Old Man said and he opened a drawer in the side of his small wooden house. From out of the drawer he took the Flying Rug, then closed the drawer with a bang.

With the Flying Rug under his arm, the Old Man said, "Come back with the strawberry. Then I will give you directions. Mind you it's a good big berry!"

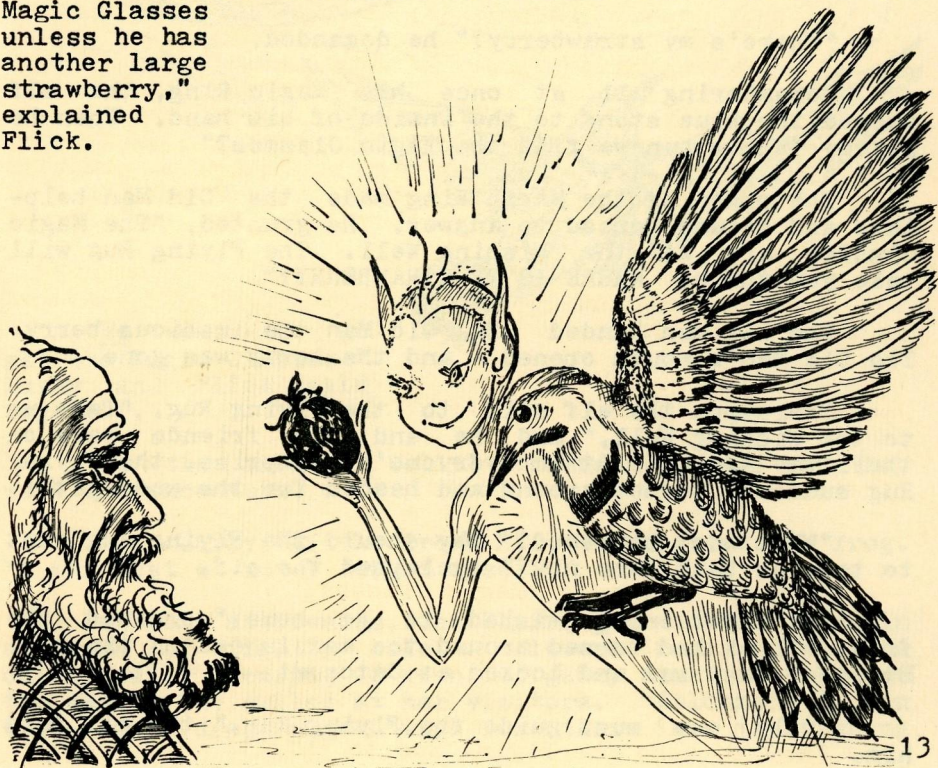
The Old Man spread the Flying Rug on the lawn and both the elf and Flick sat down upon it. "Just wish where you want to go," instructed the Old Man.

The Little Brown Elf said, "I wish we were back on the wood-path with Bushy and Catchum."

Over the meadows, streams and woods sailed the elf and the bird on the Flying Rug. The first thing they knew, they were back on the wood-path with their friends.

The Little Brown Elf asked the frog, "Do you suppose you could find another juicy berry for the Old Man on the hill, Catchum?"

"He will not give us directions for finding the Magic Glasses unless he has another large strawberry," explained Flick.



"I think I can find another," said Catchum, and he hopped away.

"That Old Man is playing tricks on you!" Bushy exclaimed as he flirted his tail.

"We know it, but what else can we do?" the Elf replied. "He just likes strawberries."

"Let's be slow about giving this berry to him," suggested Flick.

Catchum arrived just then with another large berry. "Here you are," he said. "This is the last one."

"Thank you, Catchum, that's just fine. With that large berry, I think your legs will be safe!"

The Little Brown Elf, Bushy and Catchum made themselves comfortable on the Flying Rug. The little elf commanded it, "We want to go to the Old Man who lives on the hill." Away went the Flying Rug with the three friends upon it and Flick flying alongside. It wasn't long before they reached the hill again and the rug had settled on the lawn beside the Old Man.

"Where's my strawberry?" he demanded.

Remembering all at once his Magic Ring, the elf turned the blue stone to the inside of his hand. Then he asked, "Where can we find the Magic Glasses?"

The power of the Magic Ring made the Old Man helpless and he was forced to answer. He grunted, "The Magic Glasses are at the Wishing Well. The Flying Rug will take you there. WHERE IS MY STRAWBERRY?"

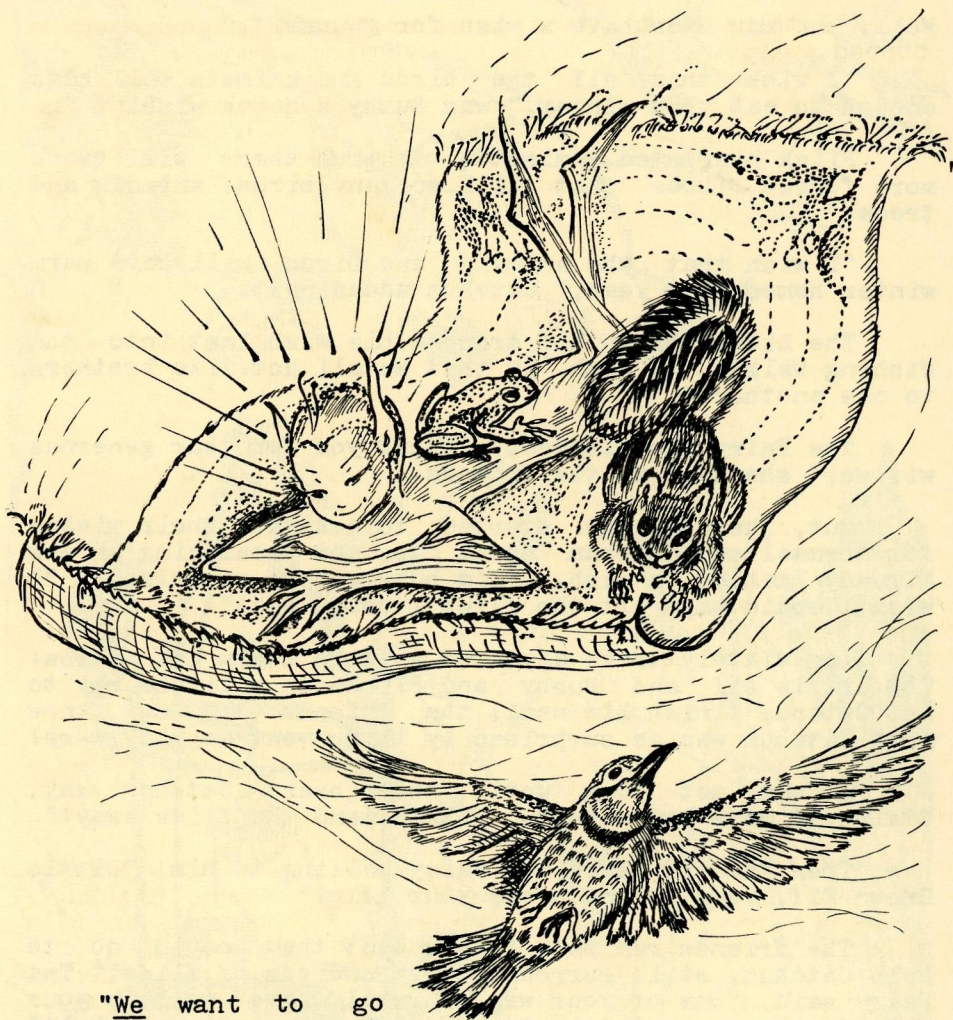
The elf man handed the Old Man the luscious berry. The Old Man's mouth opened - and the berry was gone.

Thereupon the elf said to the Flying Rug, "Take us to the Wishing Well," and he and his friends were on their way again. But to everyone's surprise, the Flying Rug suddenly turned around and headed for the wood-path!

"What has happened? Why should the Flying Rug want to take us back home now?" exclaimed the elf.

"It's hot and I wished to go home!" croaked the frog. Flick had turned around too and landed on the rug. Everyone just sat and looked at Catchum!

"Only one must guide the Flying Rug," the elf told him.



"We want to go
get the Magic Glasses!"
Bushy and Flick said
together.

"To the Wishing Well!" commanded the elf and they
were off once more.

"I'm sorry, Little Brown Elf," apologized the frog.
"I was just so hot I forgot myself."

Not long afterwards, the Flying Rug settled down in
a garden of brightly colored flowers near a well. A
dainty fairy wearing a gown of gauzy pink stood beside
the well. She smiled at her visitors. "Welcome! If you
will each drop a good wish for others into the Wishing

Well, you may each have a wish for yourself."

"I wish that all the birds and animals will have enough to eat this winter," was Bushy's quick wish.

Flick hesitated a minute. "I wish there will be no more forest fires that kill so many birds, animals and trees."

"I wish that the animals and birds will have warm winter homes this year," Catchum added next.

The Little Brown Elf dropped his wish last into the Wishing Well. "My wish is that we all act like brothers to one another."

The Fairy was pleased. "Thank you for your generous wishes," she said to the friends.

But, just as she started to ask for their wishes for themselves, Catchum spoke up, not realizing he was already making a wish. "I'm hungry!" he exclaimed. "I wish I could have all the flies I could eat!"

Immediately there appeared a large swarm of flies! The little elf and Bushy and Flick ran a little way to let Catchum finish his meal; the friends did not know that Catchum was as surprised by this event as they were!

It was not long until they heard Catchum say, "Fairy, I have had enough. PLEASE send the flies away!"

Then the elf heard the Fairy calling to him, "Little Brown Elf, your friend needs your help!"

The friends ran back to see what they could do to help Catchum, still surrounded by hundreds of flies. The Fairy said, "One of your wishes will have to help your friend. He was a little too impulsive in making a wish!"

Generous Bushy quickly said, "I wish the flies would go away!"

They were all very relieved that the flies disappeared at once; but by now the Little Brown Elf had forgotten why he had come. "I guess we had better go home now," he said to the others.

The Fairy said to him in surprise, "Aren't you going to wish for the Magic Glasses?"

"Oh, thank you, yes! I wish I may have the Magic Glasses!"



And there they were - on his nose! He was filled with delight with all he saw around him. But after a few minutes of looking at the new world he saw, he stated again, "We must start for home."

At that time the elf discovered that Catchum had eaten so many flies that he couldn't move. He looked at the Fairy for help. "How are we going to get Catchum home?" he asked.

The Fairy turned to Flick. "You still have your wish left," she told him, "and it looks as if it will be needed to put Catchum on the Flying Rug."

Flick did not hesitate. He said, "I wish that Catchum is sitting on the Flying Rug." And Catchum was sitting on the Flying Rug as if he had been there all the time.

Waving good-by to the Fairy, the Little Brown Elf and his friends sailed away across the sky. And, under the guidance of the elf, the Flying Rug soon settled down on the wood-path from where they had started.

Everyone jumped off the Flying Rug but Catchum. No one could think of a way to get him off the rug! Bushy and Flick just scratched their heads and, when that didn't help, they went away about their own affairs.

The Little Brown Elf sat close by on a rock and watched Catchum go to sleep. He wondered how he would ever return the Flying Rug to the Old Man on the hill.

Perhaps he, too, fell asleep for the first thing he realized, the Flying Rug was leaving the ground. It was headed toward the home of the Old Man who lives on the hill. But where was Catchum? The elf looked around and there he was, slowly crawling down the wood-path.

The Magic Glasses

The Little Brown Elf put on the Magic Glasses and stood looking down at the wood-path. To his surprise the stones in the path looked alive!

"What is happening here?" the elf asked as he turned the blue stone of the Magic Ring to the inside of his hand.

At once, the Angel of the Woods stood beside the elf. "You are looking into the Mineral Kingdom with your Magic Glasses," she explained. "Tell me, what do you see?"

"Why, this pebble is full of little stones, exactly alike!" exclaimed the Little Brown Elf. "And they are all moving!"

Catchum, crawling up the wood-path once more, arrived just in time to hear the last remark. "Dear me!" he croaked. "Are they moving my way?"

"No, just moving around and around," replied the elf.

"What good does that do them?" asked the frog.

"That is the way the pebble is made. It is what makes the pebble alive as you are alive," the Angel told him.

"What will folks say next!" Catchum exclaimed in disgust as he squeezed under a rock.

"Wait! Catchum!" called the little man. "I will let you look through the glasses!"

But the frog was completely hidden out of sight.

"I wish Catchum had waited," the Little Brown Elf sighed. "I'm sure that if he'd seen the little stones he would have understood."

"He will be back when he has thought it over," the Angel of the Woods told him.

"Perhaps we gave him a new idea too suddenly," suggested the elf.

"We may have done so. Some folks do not like a new idea unless they find it themselves."

"We are all different, aren't we, Angel of the Woods?" The little elf was deep in thought.

"Yes, we are different, but each of us has a gift for the world that only he can give."

Just then Flick flew down to the wood-path to join them.

"Put on the Magic Glasses, Flick," the elf offered as he placed the glasses on Flick's bill in front of his eyes.

"What's this! I've been missing something!" And Flick started pecking at the pebble as hard as he could.

"You can't eat the little stones, Flick!" exclaimed his friend.

Flick was disappointed. "Why not? They look good enough to eat."

"You have on the Magic Glasses, you know," said the Angel as she smiled at the bird.

"Why doesn't the pebble fall apart with all those little stones moving about?" asked the elf.

"The small moving stones are held together by the Law of the Universe," the Angel replied.

"The Universe is a very big place," said Flick wisely. "I have seen it from the top of a tree."

Now Catchum's curiosity brought him back from under the rock. He looked all around cautiously. "Where is the Universe?" he asked his friends.

"It goes from here to there," Flick told them as he pointed to the sky with his right wing. "And much farther."

They all looked up. But they could see only a small patch of sky above the tree tops.

"You need to sit in the top of a tree to see it," Flick explained.

"If the Universe is around us down here, then it must be in these stones too," said the little elf as he



took the Magic Glasses back from Flick. Then he turned to the Angel and asked, "Do all stones look the same as this pebble?"

"No, in some pebbles the little stones or solids have a different shape," answered the Angel.

"Do they change in shape?" Catchum asked, for he was thinking of tadpoles.

The Angel of the Woods smiled at him. "No, the solids in each pebble always keep the same shape. But the solids in a diamond, for example, are different from those in this pebble we've been studying."

"I wish we could talk about something I could eat," complained Catchum.

"So soon after the flies?!" exclaimed Flick.

"We will someday," the Angel told Catchum, smiling again at the little frog. She turned then to the elf man. "Wear the Magic Glasses all the time, Little Brown Elf. You will see God's Love everywhere."

"I can see God's love everywhere without Magic Glasses!" Flick declared.



The Magic Dream

As the Little Brown Elf skipped home along the wood-path that evening, he saw more beauty than he had ever seen before. The magic of the wonderful glasses he wore made the stones, the flowers and the trees look far brighter than usual. Each busy little insect was surrounded by a spark of joy - the ladybug, the bee, the wasp, the grasshopper. In his joy, the Little Brown Elf could hardly keep his feet on the wood-path. He was in tune with the God of Love.

But he said little at the supper table that evening, for he was thinking hard about all he had seen and heard through the day.

The five little elves who shared his home were so busy with their suppers that they did not notice that he wore the Magic Glasses.

That night the little elf kept on the Magic Glasses when he fell asleep. He had a Magic Dream.



He dreamed that a dainty white-gowned angel opened a large iron gate into a beautiful garden. The flowers of every color wore richer hues than he had ever seen before. A path between the flower beds led to a glass fountain, and surrounding the pool at the base of the fountain was a large velvety green lawn.

On the lawn were all of the Little Brown Elf's friends waiting for him. There were the Great White Owl, the Rainbow Fairy, the Wishing Well Fairy, the Angel of the Woods, the five little elves, Bushy, Flick, Catchum, Mrs. Spider, Miss Bumblebee and all the birds and animals from the woods.

The air was filled with love that made his heart sing.

Fairies appeared in gauzy gowns of delicate hues and many little elves were there also. Fairy bells played softly. All the flowers hurried from their beds in couples to dance. The friends joined in the dancing too.

The Little Brown Elf slept very late the next morning and the five little elves became worried. When he awoke, he saw them all standing around his bed.

Blinky spoke first. "What are those things you are wearing on your nose? And why are you smiling in your sleep?"

The Little Brown Elf sat up in bed and offered the Magic Glasses to Blinky. "The Magic Glasses will let you see everything as it really is," the Little Brown Elf told him.

Blinky put the glasses on his nose and then he gasped, "You all look different! You look so HAPPY!" He looked at each one, smiling as he did so.

Nosey cried, "Let me look! Let me look! I want to see!"

So Blinky handed the Magic Glasses to Nosey.

Nosey said nothing at all for a minute and then he said in awe, "I smell the sweetest perfume! Where is it coming from?"

But Tasty announced, "It's my turn now, Nosey!"

When the Magic Glasses had been placed on his nose, Tasty exclaimed, "How can I ever be hungry again? It seems as if I am tasting all the nicest foods!"

Listen could hardly wait his turn. When it came at last, he sat in the little rocking chair with his eyes closed. "I can hear the loveliest music," he almost whispered; "bells ringing soft and low."

Then Touchy gently placed the Magic Glasses on his nose. He looked at his friends one after the other, too amazed to speak. Finally he said, "I shall always remember the loving friends who live with me."

The Little Brown Elf took the Magic Glasses when Touchy took them off and placed them on his own nose. Then he went to the door with the large acorn cup in his hand. He called back to the five little elves, "Come and see the beautiful rainbow in the grass!"

The five little elves ran out of the house and danced around in the rainbow's light as the Little Brown Elf gathered rainbow-colored balls of dew for their breakfast.

Later, as each little elf sipped his breakfast dew around the table, he felt that he lived in a whole new world. And it was a happy world for each one of them; for once we see the REAL beauty of the world, there is ever after a joy in the heart.



The Glasses Lost!

After breakfast the Little Brown Elf decided that he was in a visiting mood. "I would like to see Mrs. Spider's new home," he said. He walked up the wood-path to the place where he could see her web by peeking through the thick bushes.

Carefully placing the Magic Glasses on a flat rock for safekeeping, the elf crawled through the bushes. He spoke to Mrs. Spider when he saw her on a leaf. "You have a nice new home off the wood-path. It isn't so handy to fall into as your old home!"

"You were not the first one to fall into my old home," Mrs. Spider replied. Then she asked, "Did you soon get dry that day?"

"Yes, thank you, it did not take long. I wish you could come and see the Magic Glasses."

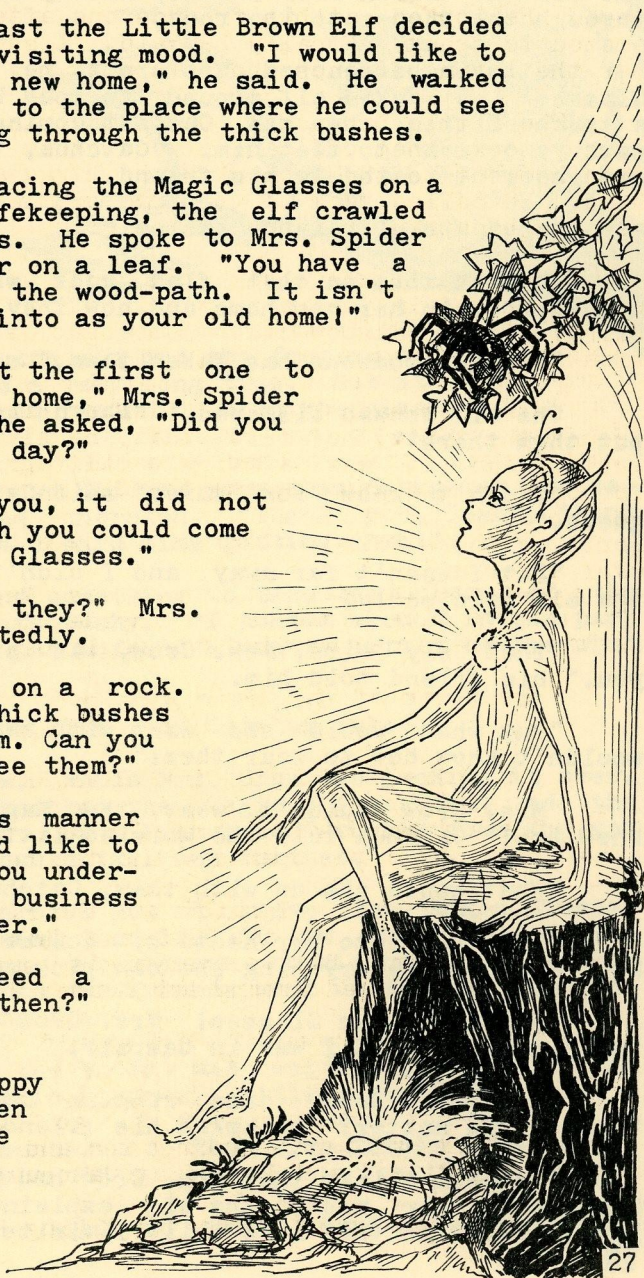
"Where are they?" Mrs. Spider asked excitedly.

"I left them on a rock. I thought the thick bushes might scratch them. Can you come with me to see them?"

Mrs. Spider's manner changed. "I would like to see them but you understand that I am a business woman with a career."

"Don't you need a change now and then?" the elf asked.

"No, I am happy here. I have been told it makes one narrow-minded to stay at home all the time. But friends bring



me the news. Besides, as you can see, I live near the grapevine!"

"I had better not leave the Magic Glasses too long. I have never left them before. Good-by, Mrs. Spider," the little Brown Elf said politely as he crawled back through the bushes to the rock.

But when he reached the rock he found no Magic Glasses! He looked all around the rock but there was not a trace of them. He saw Catchum coming down the wood-path and ran to meet him. "Catchum, the Magic Glasses are gone!" he cried to his friend.

"Why? Where?" asked Catchum.

"I left them on that flat rock while I called on Mrs. Spider in her new home and now they are gone!"

"I think someone has taken them," stated the frog.

The elf looked dismayed. "Who do you suppose saw me put them there?"

"I don't know for sure," said Catchum, "but I can guess."

"But I wasn't far away and I didn't hear a sound," the elf said sadly.

"That sly bird, Mrs. Crow, was probably watching you," his friend told him.

"But what would she want with Magic Glasses? She wouldn't know how to wear them!"

"Mrs. Crow wouldn't wear the Magic Glasses if she knew how!" Catchum told the worried little elf man.

"What would she do with them, Catchum?"

"Put them into her nest of course. Everyone knows Mrs. Crow puts everything she can pick up into her nest!"

"Oh, my Magic Glasses! Mrs. Crow will break them!" The Little Brown Elf was in despair.

Just then Bushy came running down a tree trunk. "What's the matter?" he asked his friends.

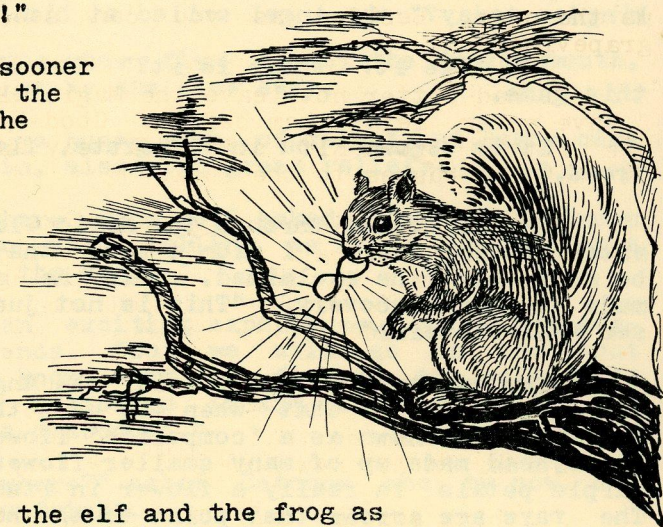
"Catchum thinks that Mrs. Crow has carried the Magic Glasses to her nest," the elf explained. "I left them right here on this rock while I visited Mrs. Spider and

now they are gone!"

"Well! The sooner you get them back the better for the glasses!" Bushy exclaimed.

"But I don't know where Mrs. Crow's nest is!"

"I do! Be back in a minute!" And with that the squirrel frisked away.



It seemed to the elf and the frog as if Bushy were gone a very long time. But at last they saw him returning with the glasses in his mouth!

The Little Brown Elf was more than delighted to receive the glasses unbroken. "Thank you, Bushy, thank you! Did you have a hard time getting them?"

"I had to find something to take the place of the Magic Glasses," said Bushy. "I hunted around in the park beyond the woods and I found a pretty little bottle with a red top."

"Did Mrs. Crow like it?" Catchum asked.

"I don't know. While Mrs. Crow was looking it over, she accidentally knocked the Magic Glasses out of the nest. They caught on a branch so I rushed down and got them before they could fall any further."

"I will be careful not to leave the Magic Glasses anywhere again," said the elf. "I am lucky to get them back." And putting the glasses on his nose, the Little Brown Elf with his two friends went up the wood-path to their usual meeting place.

The Angel of the Woods was waiting for them. "How do you like the Magic Glasses, Little Brown Elf?"

"They are wonderful! The five little elves and I have been to Fairyland!"

"How would you like to hear about the vegetable

kingdom today?" the Angel smiled at him.

"I'd like it! Where is it?" The elf liked playing this game.

"It is around you in the grass, flowers, bushes and trees."

The elf looked through the Magic Glasses at a purple aster growing near. "I didn't know that a flower could be so lovely!" he exclaimed. Then he cried "Oh!" as he made another discovery. "This is not just ONE flower - I see MANY flowers!"

"You are quite right," said the Angel. "I wondered if you would see that when you used the Magic Glasses. An aster is known as a 'composite' flower; it is a great flowerhead made up of many smaller flowers. Each of the purple petals is really a flower in itself called a ray. The rays are arrows that point to the honey the bees are looking for."

"Where is the honey hidden?" asked the elf.

"The small yellow center sections are, each one, a separate flower too, and these are called disk flowers. And in the disk flowers is the honey hidden!"

Catchum had become so absorbed in the news about the flowers that he did not notice that a bee had come very close to him. Without thinking, Catchum swallowed her.

To everyone's surprise, the frog, all at once, began to hop around and make odd noises!

"What's the matter?" cried the squirrel, running up a tree in alarm.

In the excitement, the elf and Catchum were joined by Flick. Everyone tried to pat Catchum on the back but he couldn't stay in one place long enough.

"What shall we do?" the elf cried. "Isn't there something we can do for him?"

Flick hopped in front of Catchum. "Open your mouth wide!" he ordered. "Wider, please! Say AHHH-H-H!"

Catchum opened his mouth as wide as he could. Great tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Here IT comes!" Flick squawked as he looked down

Catchum's throat.

Just then the bee flew out of the frog's mouth, scolding and buzzing as she flew away.

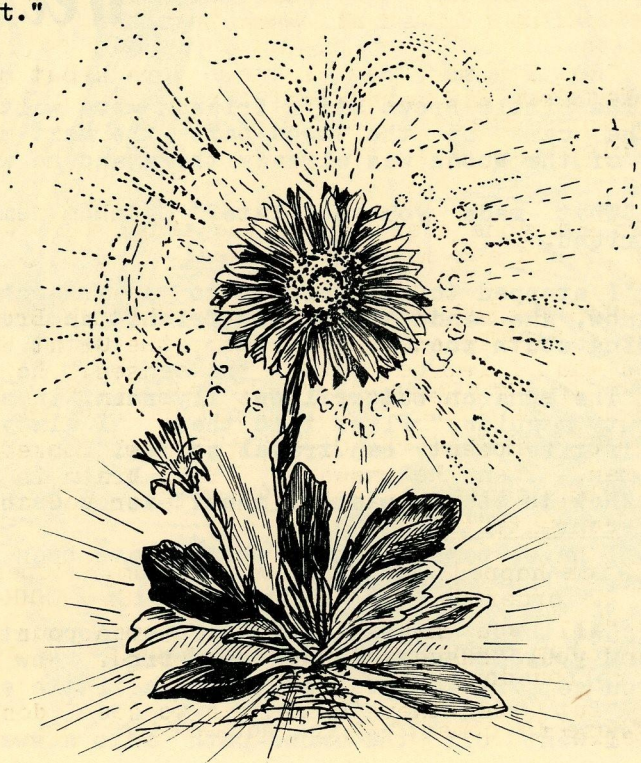
Catchum gave a huge sigh of relief and Bushy came down the tree again, also with great relief.

"Well now, where were we?" asked the Little Brown Elf. "Oh yes, you were telling us about the vegetable kingdom, Angel of the Woods."

"That was an exciting experience," the Angel commented to the friends. "But we will go on now about flowers. Did you know that all flowers are related to each other? The buttercup is the flower from whom all other flowers have descended."

"Descended where?" asked Catchum who, by now, had recovered from his fright.

"I think the Angel means that the buttercup is the great-grandmother of all flowers," the elf explained. "You have to descend from grandmothers, you know. The Great White Owl told me about that."



"Do we all have grandmothers?" Bushy asked.

"Yes, everyone has to have had a grandmother to live here," Flick answered, nodding his head with a wise air.

"Trees are another branch of the vegetable kingdom," the Angel went on. "Trees have flowers on them every spring and they produce fruits or nuts which contain the seeds."

"Some trees are very old," Flick announced. "Some of them are so old that no one knows their age."

"That is right, Flick," the Angel of the Woods smilingly said. "The world is altogether a wonderful place, and you will find some surprises when we talk about the animal kingdom. Shall we meet again tomorrow?"

7

Wet Again!

The Little Brown Elf's friends were waiting for him when he came up the wood-path the next morning. The Angel of the Woods was already there and he was late.

"What made you so late?" Catchum demanded of his elf friend.

"I stopped to say good-by to a Monarch butterfly. You know, she and all of her friends and relatives will be going south soon."

"The Monarch butterflies fly south in a large cloud without a guide," Flick told them. "I always wonder how such fragile beauty can travel so far."

"How do you know about them?" asked Catchum.

"I have passed them when I have been flying south myself," Flick answered.

Just then, Catchum took a closer look at the Little Brown Elf and he jumped in surprise. "How in the world did you get wet again?" he asked the little elf.

"I went off the wood-path into a swampy place to



speak to Mrs. Monarch Butterfly. I was standing on a big stone as I talked to her and, suddenly, the stone became a turtle snapping at a fly! I lost my balance and slid off his back into the pond!"

"How did you ever get out?" Flick wanted to know.

"I got caught on a big stick and it held me there and I thought I wouldn't get out."

"But you are here now!" put in Bushy.

"Yes, when Mr. Turtle discovered what he'd done, he pulled me off of the stick and helped me out of the water. Then he grabbed my shoulder and gave me a good shaking to get rid of some of the water. But when he sat me down on dry land, I felt giddy."

"How could you walk after such a shaking?" asked Flick.

"I couldn't. I just sat on the grass in a daze. Then I noticed that Mr. Turtle had shaken off the Magic Glasses, so he hunted for them in the grass until he found them again. I felt better after I put them on."

Catchum was still puzzled. "But how did you get here?" he questioned.

"I climbed onto Mr. Turtle's back and he brought me to the turn in the wood-path. Then he said, 'I am sorry I upset you so badly. Can you walk the rest of the way?' I was sure I could and I thanked him for the ride. That was a hard way to make a new friend!"

"You are always getting wet when you have an adventure," noted Flick in an admiring tone.

"Yes, but I have almost dried out again now, and the Angel of the Woods has waited for me long enough."

"We enjoyed hearing about the exciting adventure, though," the shining Angel said. "But now we will talk about the animal kingdom."

"That's me!" exclaimed Bushy as he flirited his fluffy tail. "I am an animal!"

"Yes," agreed the Angel of the Woods, "you are, but Flick and Catchum belong to the animal kingdom too."

"We DO?" exclaimed Flick. "But I am a BIRD!"

"AND I am a FROG!" Catchum was hopping all about in his surprise.

"All living things that can move about as you do, except man, are said to be members of the animal kingdom," explained the Angel. "That includes insects, fish and birds."

"But I'm not any of those things," worried Catchum.

"You are an amphibian," replied the Angel.

Catchum was even more alarmed. "Is that harmful?" he wanted to know.

"No," the Angel kindly explained, "it means that you live part of your life in the water and part on the land. You are amphibious."

"That is a big relief," said Catchum with a sigh.

Bushy was studying his friend the elf with a question in his eyes. "Does the Little Brown Elf belong to the animal kingdom?" he asked the Angel.

"No, he and I belong to the fairy kingdom. It is an entirely different kingdom from the others."

"Why?" asked Catchum.

"There are many answers to that question and some of them would not be understood now. But one difference is that we cannot be seen by all the beings that live on the earth."

All the friends showed their surprise. "We ALL see you!" they protested.

"Yes, and many young children of the human kingdom - which is the kingdom we will talk about next - can see us too. But most of their mothers and fathers can see us no longer and they have forgotten that we were here when they were young."

Catchum had lost interest in the subject. "Let's talk about us some more," he said to the others.

"Animals are good friends to all the kingdoms in nature," the Angel told him. "Animals help in many ways."

"I like to hear things like that!" Catchum croaked as he puffed himself up with pride. "I catch a lot of insects and I'm sure that is helpful!"

"I get rid of harmful insects too and I know that helps," Flick said; then he added with a twinkle of his eye, "But Catchum is the fly expert!"

"Some of the nuts I bury in the ground grow to be tall trees," announced Bushy, blinking his bright eyes.

"All animals the world over, and not just in this woodland, need the kindness and help of the other kingdoms too, especially the help of the human kingdom," the Angel went on. "But you should know that in many places some humans kill animals for fun or sport. These human people hurt their souls when they kill although they do not know it. Needless killing hurts them almost more than it does the animals they kill."

"I love the little human boy who gives me nuts in the park near here. He is kind and gentle and he would never harm me. He says that I am his little brother." Bushy's voice was soft and loving as he talked about his friend of the human kingdom.

Catchum was all ears. "I have never seen a human boy! Do you suppose I could?"

The Little Brown Elf said to Catchum, "I have never seen a human being either! I would so like to see one!"

The Angel of the Woods answered them, "We shall see about that tomorrow." And with that, the shining Angel disappeared through the trees.

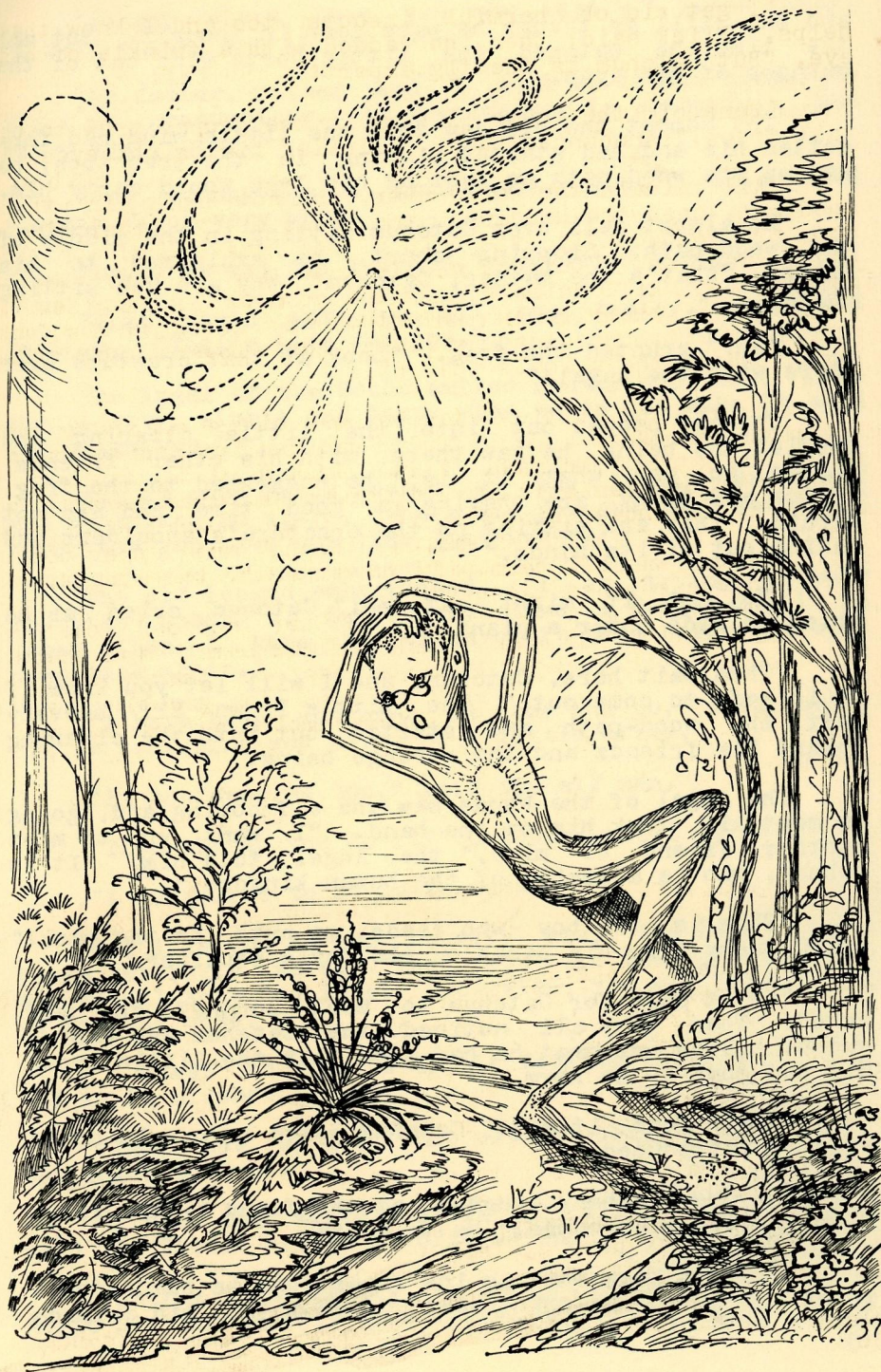
8

Meeting Johnny

As usual, the Little Brown Elf got off to a poor start the next morning! When he started up the wood-path to meet his friends, a playful little North Wind met him halfway. There was quite a tussle with the little elf getting the worst of it. He thought he would turn his back on the little North Wind, but then that wind blew harder and pushed him back home as fast as he could go.

Once again, the elf tried to go up the wood-path. All went well until he reached the same spot, when the little North Wind popped out of the bushes and chased him all the way back home again.

"This time," thought the wee man, "I will try a new plan." So he climbed the ladder to the roof of his home



and sat still as though he were deep in thought. But all the time, he watched the little North Wind out of the corners of his eyes.

The moment the elf saw that the little wind had forgotten him and had started playing in the tree tops, he ran up the wood-path as fast as his legs would carry him.

He almost fell over Catchum sitting in the middle of the wood-path. Stopping short, he exclaimed to his friend, "What's the matter, Catchum? Why are you sitting here?"

"Sh!" grunted the frog. "Look at that creature over there with the Angel!"

The elf peeped out into the little clearing and studied the being he saw there with his other friends. "Let's go see what it is," he suggested to the frog. "Flick and Bushy are having a good time and are not afraid. They are sitting on the creature's shoulders and eating out of its hands."

"No, no! It might eat me!" Catchum cried as he tried to hide under a plant.

"Then wait here, Catchum, and I will let you know if it is safe to come out." The Little Brown Elf bravely left the wood-path and started out into the clearing toward his friends and the strange being.

The Angel of the Woods saw the elf coming and, going to meet him, took him by the hand. "I want you to meet another friend of mine," the Angel told him. "It is Johnny, who is a member of the human kingdom."

"This is the boy who feeds me nuts in the park!" cried Bushy from his perch on the boy's shoulder.

"Is it safe for Catchum to meet Johnny?" the elf asked. Then they all noticed that Catchum was coming out of hiding now that he had seen that the Little Brown Elf had come to no harm.

"What does it eat?" Catchum asked before he could even be introduced.

The boy Johnny laughed at the funny little frog. "I like ice cream cones," he told him.

"I don't know what an ice cream cone is but I don't think it's an am-phib-i-an!" Catchum told his friends with a sigh of relief.

"Johnny, where have you been lately?" asked Bushy. "I have missed you in the park."

"My father, mother and I took my little sister to visit my grandmother. My grandmother is wonderful. She knows everything."

"OH! Johnny has a grandmother too!" This news pleased Flick very much.

"Maybe we are all related," suggested Bushy.

"That would make us all one family," concluded Catchum. "That's Life for you."

The Angel of the Woods smiled gently and said, "Life can be very simple and happy when we do not make it hard for ourselves."

All at once Flick looked at the Little Brown Elf and exclaimed in alarm, "Where did you get that shirt? I never saw you have one like that before!"

The elf looked embarrassed. "I am trying to wear one like Johnny's. But every time I forget it, it is gone. Then I have to think of it hard before it will come back again."

"I have been watching it come and go," said Bushy; "it is confusing and makes me a little dizzy."

"It confuses me too," said the elf man.

"Then why do you do it?" Catchum wanted to know.

"I just like to be up-to-date."

"We like you as you usually are," the Angel of the Woods smilingly said. "Then you are the real you, the one we all know and love. Otherwise, you are only a copy of someone else."

"I guess it was a little foolish of me," said the elf as he blushed.

"It is how we use what we have that is important," the Angel told him.

"I have the Magic Glasses and I will share them," said the little elf as he offered the glasses to the boy.

Putting Bushy gently on the ground, Johnny took the Magic Glasses eagerly from the elf. When he put them on,

he gazed around in awe. "There is a bright light around each one of you," he said in a hushed voice.

"It is the light that guards the life you received when you were born," the Angel told them.

"I would like to wear the Magic Glasses sometime," Bushy told the Little Brown Elf.

Johnny took off the glasses and handed them to the squirrel. "Wear them now," he said.

Bushy put the glasses on the end of his nose and looked over the tops at his friends. "I don't see anything new," he said sadly.

The elf pushed the Magic Glasses up on Bushy's nose, close to his eyes. At once, Bushy jumped a foot off the ground. "What's all this brightness?" he cried. "I can't see at all."

The Little Brown Elf took the glasses from Bushy and put them on his own nose while Bushy rubbed the brightness from his eyes. "I guess you don't really need the Magic Glasses, Bushy," the elf told his little friend. "You can see the joy and beauty in Nature without any help."

* * *

Suddenly, the elf seemed to go far away in thought, even though he sat on the grass with the woodland friends and the boy and the Angel of the Woods. He was remembering all the days of adventure and learning he had had.

"Tomorrow morning," the Little Brown Elf said to himself, "I am going to ask the Great White Owl another question. Tomorrow morning - early."

THE END

...but not the end...



The Author

Perhaps you would like to know a bit about the writer of "The Little Brown Elf," who - although she now can see very little with her physical eyes - is still able to see inwardly. With this inward vision,

she can enjoy the company and adventures of such characters as people this story.

Mary Evalyn Weir (sometimes known as M-E-W) was born in Rutland, Vermont and she has lived there all her life. About the time that she completed business college, her health failed. During the quiet months of regaining health and strength, she studied moths, butterflies and insects. Another favorite pursuit took her into the yard at night, with a lantern and books, to study the night sky. These studies brought forth jokes from her friends, but they gave Evalyn Weir a deep insight into the ways of Nature.

When she was able to go out into the world again, Miss Weir became the first children's librarian in the Rutland Library. She later worked as a private secretary to doctors and to the hospital superintendent. She has been a member of the American Red Cross for forty-five years and has done many types of volunteer work for that organization. Before her eyes failed nine years ago, she also took courses in writing and painting, and translated into Braille for the blind.

Evalyn Weir became a member of the Theosophical Society in America in 1934. She has said that she wrote the story of the Little Brown Elf to help children learn and appreciate Theosophical truths.

Mireille Zupa, who made the drawings for this book, also has the capacity to see inwardly and the talent to transform her visions into illustrations so that we can see them too.

Mrs. Zupa was born in Oran, Algeria, North Africa, and was reared in that country by parents who both were members of the French Section of the Theosophical Society. Her art training came from both her parents, her father's profession as an architect calling for such skills.

Mireille Zupa joined the Theosophical Society in France in 1939, and came to the United States in 1947. She has been actively involved with the work of the Society since 1960.

The Illustrator

Parents' Theosophical Research Group has published this book, the story of the Little Brown Elf, as our Centenary "special"; it replaces Parents' Bulletin issues #'s 3 and 4 of Volume 40. Wouldn't The Little Brown Elf make a fine Christmas gift for the youngsters on your list? Additional copies sell for \$1.50 each, plus 20¢ postage charges. Please order from our business office: Parents' Theosophical Research Group, 336 South Pueblo Avenue, Ojai, CA 93023.



The story of
"The Little Brown Elf"
was first published serially
in PARENTS' BULLETIN (1968-1969)

To order additional copies of this book
or other Theosophical story books
for children, write to:

PARENTS' THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH GROUP
336 South Pueblo Avenue
Ojai, California
93023

